THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

—UTILE DULCI.—

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CARACAROS, SEBASTIAN AND ZEREDARIA.

AN AMERICAN TALE.

(Continued.)

THIS requeſt was not complied with; but the governor directed, that as the girl was a chriſtian, and as her kind miſtreſs had made her free, ſome time before her diſſolution, ſhe ſhould be at liberty to leave the family of Lopez whenever ſhe thought proper.

The Spaniſh general irritated at theſe proceedings, cauſed his attendants to remove Mariana, in the night to a village about ſix miles from the capital, near the place were his head quarters were fixed. Caracaros agreeable to his wiſhes, was joined by great numbers of the wretched natives in his march, and fortunately fell in with a body of twelve hundred Peruvians, who were engaged in the ſame cauſe with himſelf, and determined to ſacrifice their lives in defence of their country: with this force, he accompanied the advanced guard of the Spaniards, who little imagined their foes were ſo formidable, and cut moſt of them into pieces. Lopez himſelf narrowly eſcaped being taken priſoner, and fled with diſgrace into the capital. The village to which Mariana had been ſent, fell into the hands of Caracaros at the ſame time; and, as ſhe was richly habited, ſhe was ſuppoſed to be a perſon of no ſmall diſtinction, and as ſuch brought into the preſence of her father. Four years had now elapſed ſince he laſt beheld her; and though time had greatly improved her infant beauties, the inſtant he caſt his eyes upon her, he recollected her being his long loſt child. She threw herſelf at his feet, and was unable to ſpeak the effuſions of her heart, from the ſurpriſe and joy which poſſeſſed her. After mutual careſſes, ſhe was ſent under the conduct of her brother Guyomar, to a town called Meſtees, at the time garriſoned by the Mexicans, as a place of ſecurity, while Caracaros was determined to purſue his advantage, and puſhed on to the walls of the capital. The next morning, however, he found it neceſſary to alter his reſolution, as he received certain intelligence, that a body of the Spaniards, and their auxiliaries, conſiſting of four times his number, were ſtrongly poſted within a league of the city, and his followers ſeemed to be unanimous in reſolving not to hazard a battle againſt ſuch a ſuperior force. For theſe reaſons, he, though unwillingly, wheeled about and divided his troops into ſmall bodies, in order to harraſs the enemy, fixing the general rendezvous at Meſtees, where he had diſpatched Guyomar the day before. In the dead of the night, a meſſenger arrived at the camp of Caracaros, with the unwelcome tidings that the detachment which had been ſent off under the command of Guyomar, had been defeated by a troop of Spaniſh horſe, and that the gallant youth had been mortally wounded by the Spaniſh chief, whoſe principal object ſeemed to be carrying off Zeredaria, in which he unluckily ſucceeded.

The diſtreſs our noble Indian felt upon this occaſion, can be eaſier imagined than deſcribed; he ſtarted from his tent, frantic at the intelligence, and flew to Meſtees, where he had juſt the mournful ſatisfaction of embracing Guyomar juſt before he had expired. The youth had fought with uncommon courage hand to hand with the chief of the enemy, who made his attack in the moſt deſperate manner, and who no ſooner ſaw Zeredaria in the hands of his followers, than he ordered them to deſiſt from the combat which was entirely in his own favour, and rode on in triumph. The Spaniſh officer was no other than Don Sebaſtian, who being poſted with a body of horſe within a few miles of the head quarters of Don Lopez, no ſooner diſcovered that the enemy had carried off his adorable Mariana, than he determined to recover her or die in the attempt. To this end he collected a band of ſoldiers, whoſe valour he had experienced, and proceeded to watch the motions of Caracaros, from one of whoſe ſtraggling troops he learned the circumſtance of Mariana's being ſent to Meſtees, on which he purſued his detachment with the utmoſt celerity, overtook and defeated it as above mentioned. The beautiful Indian was not a little ſurpriſed at the ſight of Sebaſtian, who loaded her with careſſes, while ſhe expreſſed her apprehenſions for Guyomar's ſafety with the greateſt anxiety. This led her to explain to Sebaſtian, who ſhe really was, and to acquaint him with the reaſons which occaſioned her to keep her being the daughter of Caracaros a ſecret. The Spaniard was alarmed at this information; he was conſcious he had given her brother his mortal wound, but thought it beſt for the preſent to conceal it from her, and uſe every means to alleviate her ſorrow.

An inundation occaſioned by the melting of the ſnow on the mountains, which is common in that quarter of the globe, prevented Sebaſtian from returning to the capital the uſual road; and in endeavouring to ford a ſmall river, which had been greatly increaſed by the floods he was ſuddenly ſurrounded by one of the parties which Caracaros had diſpatched to harraſs the enemy. He fought courageouſly for ſome minutes, but his horſe receiving a wound from one of the enemy's arrows, in ſpite of his efforts to prevent him, jumped into the flood, and was carried down the ſtream, with the utmoſt rapidity; his troops being preſſed by a ſuperior force were preſently broken and put to flight; while Zeredaria once more fell into the hands of the Mexicans, to whom ſhe directly made herſelf known, and deſired to be conveyed to her father. Caracaros penetrated with the moſt lively grief for the loſs of his ſon, had retired to an unfrequented cave, near Meſtees, which had frequently afforded him an aſylum from his enemies, and which he now pitched upon as the burial place for the lamented youth, the ſight of his daughter threw a ſuffuſion of joy over his countenance, he tenderly embraced her, and after hearing the manner in which ſhe had been treated by Sebaſtian, ſuſpected ſhe had a partiality in his favour. He was ſoon confirmed in his conjecture by her hinting that Sebaſtian deſired nothing more than to put an end to the bloody war, which had been ſo long carried on with the natives; and that as a proof of his earneſt wiſhes for a happy reconciliation, he had inſtructed her to acquaint Caracaros that he ſhould eſteem the hand of his daughter the greateſt honour which could be conferred upon him. The valiant Indian ſtarted at theſe words, and, darting a look full of reſentment at Zeredaria, ſtruck into the cave from whence he inſtantly returned, bearing a bloody robe, which diſplaying before her: "Behold," ſaid he, "degenerate girl, theſe fatal ſtains, this is thy brother's veſtment, his blood cries loudly for vengeance on that villain whoſe praiſes you have juſt been ſo laviſh in."

(To be concluded in our next.)

MIDNIGHT,

A FRAGMENT.

——'TWAS night, ſilent night, all nature was huſhed in ſoft repoſe—— no noiſe was heard ſave the doleful howlings of the dog—The watchman had called the ſolemn hour of twelve. —At this inſtant I deſcended from my apartment, for dearly do I love to walk by moonlight, and Cynthia ſhone forth with her accuſtomed luſtre.—For ſome time I ſurveyed this glorious orb, and unknowingly bent my ſteps towards the church-yard—I was in a reverie, and knew not where I had treſpaſſed, till the name of "*Jane*" met my eyes. It was engraven with great ſimplicity on the tomb-ſtone.

Ah! ſhe was virtuous—ſhe was all that could be admired; but the Angel of Death cut ſhort her days, and laid her virtues blooming in the grave. She was one of the number that fell contagion ſwept away; and meekly ſhe reſigned herſelf to the cold embrace of death, aſſured of happineſs eternal.

I was gazing at the ſtone abſorbed in thought, when the boon which nature demands, (and who can reſiſt it, ſurely none but thoſe who never felt for others woe) guſhed forth.—I raiſed my head, wiped the tears from my eyes, and by chance caſt them on another grave—I ſhuddered —for I ſaw the name of "*Catherine*" carved on the ſlab that was placed at the head—What a contraſt ſhe to the one I had juſt been weeping over—a character directly oppoſite. Her breaſt never knew a tender ſenſation—No — ſhe made it a rule to *ſpeak ill* of every one. No perſon ſhe had the *leaſt* knowledge of could eſcape her

aſperſions, till at laſt, Heaven, juſtly incenſed at her conduct, placed her here—And as for her ſpirit, reader, mayeſt thou never behold it hereafter.

STORY OF A

SAGACIOUS BEAR.

LEOPOLD duke of Lorain, had a bear called Marco, of the ſagacity and ſenſibility of which we have the following example. During the winter of 1709 a Savoyard boy, ready to periſh with cold in a barn, in which he had been put by a good woman with ſome more of his companions, thought proper to enter Marco's hut, without reflecting upon the danger which he ran in expoſing himſelf, to the mercy of the animal which occupied it. Marco, however, inſtead of doing any injury to the child, took him between his paws, and warmed him by ſqueezing him to his breaſt, until the next morning, when he ſuffered him to depart and to ramble about the city. The Savoyard returned in the evening to the hut, and was received with the ſame affection. For the following days he had no other retreat; but what added much more to his joy, was to perceive that the bear had reſerved part of his food for him. Several days paſſed in this manner without the ſervants perceiving any thing of the circumſtance. One day, when one of them came to bring his maſter his ſupper rather later than common, he was aſtoniſhed to ſee the animal roll his eyes in a furious manner, and ſeeming as if he wiſhed him to make as little noiſe as poſſible, for fear of awaking the child whom he claſped to his breaſt. The animal though ravenous, did not appear in the leaſt moved with the food which was ſet before him. The report of this extraordinary circumſtance ſoon was ſpread at court, and reached the ears of Leopold, who, with part of his courtiers was deſirous of being ſatisfied of Marco's generoſity. Several of them paſſed the night near his hut, and beheld with aſtoniſhment, that the bear never ſtirred as long as his gueſt ſhewed any inclination to ſleep, at break of day the child awoke, was very much aſhamed to find himſelf diſcovered, and fearing he would be puniſhed for his raſhneſs, begged for pardon. The bear however careſſed him and endeavoured to prevail upon him to eat what had been brought him the evening before, which he did at the requeſt of the ſpectators, who conducted him to the prince, having learned the whole hiſtory of this ſingular alliance, and the time which he had continued, the prince ordered care to be taken of the little Savoyard, who without doubt, would have ſoon made his fortune, had he not died a ſhort time after.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

On reading the EPIGRAM in the *Minerva* of laſt Saturday.

The Paſtor he open'd his text,
And gave us an excellent ſermon;
But ſome of the hearers perplext,
The meaning they could not determine.
The *novice* for *one* was *perplext*,
And *ſleepers* can *never determine*:
To *watch and to pray* was the *text*;
But *they* were *aſleep* through the *ſermon*.
Unto them ſome praiſe we muſt give,
Their penny they threw in the *cap*:
And now if you can but believe,
Poor fellows they paid for their *nap*.

INTERESTING HISTORY OF

THE BARON DE LOVZINSKI.

Continued.

AFTER this, I was conducted to the apartment of Dourlinſki. As ſoon as the door opened, I perceived a lady in a chair, who had juſt fainted away. I approached her—it was Lodoiſka! Heavens! how much did I find her altered!—but ſhe was ſtill handſome! "Barbarian!" exclaimed I, addreſſing myſelf to Dourlinſki; and at the voice of her lover, Lodoiſka recovered her ſenſes.

"Ah, my dear Lovzinſki," ſays ſhe, looking wiſtfully at me, "do you know what this infamous wretch has propoſed? do you know at what price he has offered me your liberty?"

"Yes," cries the furious chieftain, "yes, I am determined upon it: you ſee that he is in my power; and if in three days I do not obtain my wiſhes, he ſhall be no more! I endeavoured to throw myſelf at the feet of Lodoiſka; but my guards prevented me: "I behold you again, and all my ills are forgotten, Lodoiſka—death has now no longer any thing terrifying in its aſpect."

"Wretch," added I, looking ſternly at Dourlinſki, "know that Pulaſki will avenge his daughter! know that the king will avenge his friend!"

"Let him be carried away!" was the only reply made by the ferocious Palatine.

"Ah!" exclaims Lodoiſka, "my love has been your ruin!" I was about to anſwer, but the attendants dragged me out, and re-conducted me to priſon.

Boleſlas received me with inexpreſſible tranſports of joy; he avowed to me that he thought me loſt for ever, and I recounted to him how that my death was but deferred. The ſcene of which I had been a witneſs, confirmed all my ſuſpicions; it was evident that Pulaſki was ignorant of the unworthy treatment which his daughter experienced; it was alſo evident that Dourlinſki, old, amorous, and jealous, was determined, at any rate, to ſatisfy his paſſions.

In the mean time, two of the days allowed by Dourlinſki for the determination of Lodoiſka, had already expired; we were now in the midſt of the night which preceded the fatal third; I could not ſleep, and I was walking haſtily about my priſon. All at once I heard the cry of "To arms! to arms!" The moſt frightful howlings prevailed on the outſide, and a great commotion took place within the caſtle. The centinel placed at our window, left his poſt. Boleſlas and I were able to diſtinguiſh the voice of Dourlinſki, calling and encouraging his followers; and we ſoon diſtinctly heard the claſhing of ſwords, the cries of the wounded, and the groans of the dying. The noiſe, which at firſt was very great ſeemed at length to die away. It recommenced ſoon after; it redoubled; and at length we heard a ſhout of "Victory!"

To this frightful tumult, a ſtill more frightful ſilence enſues, in a ſhort time, a low crackling ſound is heard to approach us; the air ſeems to hiſs with violence; the night becomes leſs dark; the trees in the garden aſſume a red and warm tint; we fly to the window: the flames are devouring the caſtle of Dourlinſki! they approach the chamber in which we were confined, from all ſides; and, to overwhelm me with new horror, the moſt piercing ſhrieks are uttered from that tower in which I knew that Lodoiſka was impriſoned!

The fire becoming every moment more violent, was about to communicate to the chamber in which we were ſhut up, and the flames already began to curl around the baſe of the tower in which Lodoiſka was immured!

Lodoiſka uttered the moſt dreadful groans, to which I anſwered by cries of fury. Boleſlas ruſhed from one part of the priſon to another, like a madman; he ſent forth the moſt terrible howlings; he attempted to burſt open the door with his hands and feet. As for myſelf, I remained at the window, and ſhook, amidſt my tranſports of fury, thoſe maſſive iron bars which I was unable to bend.

All of a ſudden, the domeſtics, who had lately mounted the battlements, deſcend with precipitation, and open the gates: we heard the voice of Dourlinſki himſelf begging for quarter. The victors inſtantly precipitate themſelves amidſt the flames; and being at length attracted by our cries they force open the door of our priſon with their hatchets.

By their dreſs and their arms, I know them to be Tartars: their chief arrives——it is Titſikan!

"Ah! ah!" exclaims he, "it is my brave friend!"

I inſtantly throw myſelf on his neck:——"Titſikan!——Lodoiſka!——a lady!——the faireſt of women!——in that tower!——about to be burnt alive!"

Theſe were the incoherent expreſſions by which I made my feelings known.

The Tartar inſtantly gives the word of command to his ſoldiers——they fly to the tower——I fly along with them——Boleſlas follows us. They burſt open the doors; and near to an old pillar we diſcover a narrow, winding ſtaircaſe, filled with ſmoke.

The Tartars, affrighted at the danger, ſtart back: I prepare to aſcend.

"Alas! what are you about?" exclaims Boleſlas.

"To live or die with Lodoiſka!"

"And I will either live or die with my maſter!" was the reply of my generous ſervant.

I ruſh on—he follows me! At the riſk of ſuffocation, we aſcend about forty ſteps; by the light of the flames we diſcover Lodoiſka in a corner of her priſon; who feebly utters: "Who is that approaches me?"

"It is Lovzinſki! it is your lover!"

Joy inſtantly lends her new ſtrength; ſhe riſes and flies into my arms: we carry her away; we deſcend a few ſteps; but volumes of ſmoke now fill all the ſtaircaſe, and we are forced to re-aſcend with precipitation. At that very inſtant, too, a part of the tower gives way—Boleſlas utters a dreadful ſhriek, and Lodoiſka falls into a ſwoon.

That which was on the point of deſtroying, ſaved us! The flames, formerly ſmothered, began to extend with greater rapidity; but the ſmoke was diſſipated.—Laden with our precious burden, Boleſlas and I deſcend in haſte—I do not exaggerate; every ſtep trembled under our feet! the walls were all on fire! At length we arrived at the gate of the tower; Titſikan, trembling for our ſafety, was expecting us there: "Brave men!"—exclaimed he, on ſeeing us appear again.——I place Lodoiſka at his feet, and fall down lifeleſs by her ſide!

I remained nearly an hour in this ſituation. They tremble for my life; and Boleſlas weeps aloud. I again recover my ſenſes, on hearing the voice of Lodoiſka, who returning to herſelf, calls me her deliverer. The appearance of every

thing was altered; the tower was entirely in ruins. The Tartars, however, had ſtopt the progreſs of the flames; they had deſtroyed one part of the caſtle, on purpoſe to ſave the remainder; in fine, we had been carried into a large ſaloon, where we were ſurrounded by Titikan and ſome of his ſoldiers. Others of them were occupied in pilfaging and in bringing away the gold, ſilver, jewels, plate, and all the precious effects which the flames had ſpared. Near to us Bourlinſki, loaded with fetters, and uttering repeated groans, beheld this heap of riches, of which he was about to be deſpoiled. Rage, terror, deſpair, all the paſſions which can tear the heart of a villain ſuffering under puniſhment, were viſibly depicted in his wild and wandering looks. He ſtruck the earth with fury, daſhed his clenched hands againſt his forehead, and uttering the moſt horrid blaſphemies, he reproached Heaven for its juſt vengeance.

(To be continued.)

THE COUNTRY DANCE.

A RURAL PICTURE.

ON a ſpacious lawn, bounded on every ſide by a profuſion of the moſt odoriferous flowering ſhrubs, a joyous band of villagers were aſſembled; the young men dreſt in green; youth, health, and pleaſure in their air, led up their artleſs charmers in ſtraw hats, adorned with the ſpoils of Flora, to the ruſtic ſound of the tabor and pipe. Round the lawn, at equal intervals, were raiſed temporary arbors of branches of trees, in which refreſhments were prepared for the dancers; and between the arbors ſeats of moſs for their parents, ſhaded from the ſun by green awnings, on poles, round which were twined wreaths of flowers, breathing the ſweets of the ſpring. The ſurpriſe, the gaiety of the ſcene, the flow of general joy, the ſight of ſo many happy people the countenances of the enraptured parents, who ſeem to live anew again, the ſprightly ſeaſon of youth in their children with the benevolent looks of the noble beſtowers of the feaſt, filled my eyes with tears, and my ſwelling heart with a ſenſation of pure, yet lively tranſport, to which the joys of the courtly belles are mean.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Solution to the Enigmatical liſt of Performers *in the* Minerva *of Saturday laſt.*

1. Reinagle. 2. Moreton. 3. Cooper. 4. Wignell. 5. Trigmore. 6. Warrell. 7. Fox. 8. Bliſſet. 9. Morris. 10. Francis. 11. Bates. 12. Farwood. 13. Darley. 14. Merry. 15. Byrne. 16. Hervey.

CRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS.

ANECDOTE.

WHEN Mr. Popham, (afterwards lord chief-juſtice) was ſpeaker of the Houſe of Commons one ſeſſion when the houſe had ſat long, and in effect, done nothing; coming to queen Elizabeth, ſhe ſaid, "now Mr. Speaker, what hath paſſed in the Commons Houſe?" He anſwered, "if it pleaſe your majeſty ſeven weeks."

FADED BEAUTY.

A decayed coquette is like an old gooſe, admired for nothing—except her feathers.

ADDRESS TO PITY.

HAIL, lovely power! celeſtial maid!
Soft, pleaſing pity, hail!
Whoſe gentle influence, balmy aid,
Suſpends Affliction's tale.

Mild as the dew ſalutes the earth,
Ere morn begins to appear,
Thou giv'ſt to hope and gladneſs birth,
Diffuſing joys ſincere.

From thy bleſt manſions, humbly great,
The ſtreams of bounty flow,
To calm the frowns of adverſe fate,
And ſoothe the pains of woe.

Come, darling child of Heaven above,
To me thy ſweets impart;
O teach me, with endearing love,
To heal affliction's ſmart!

Teach me to ſoften every care
In injur'd virtue's breaſt;
And, ſuccouring, reſcue from deſpair
The innocent oppreſs'd!

Teach me to wipe the falling tear
From helpleſs widows eyes,
And, ſtraight with generous zeal ſincere,
Aſſuage the orphan's ſighs

Or, mindful of ſtill kindlier deeds,
The influence ſo extend,
That, e'en where ſilent ſorrows plead,
My bounty may befriend.

Thus, when I roam the verdant mead,
And view ſeductions round,
To doom the harmleſs bird to bleed,
That treads the inſidious ground;

Teach me, when ſtruggling and oppreſs'd,
He pines for Liberty,
With ſenſibility impreſs'd,
To ſet the captive free!

So ſhall my heart exult to ſpare
A life it never gave;
And freely looſen from the ſnare
What Pity's hand would ſave.

Then come, ſoft Pity, ſmiling fair,
From thy bleſt realms deſcend;
My boſom glows, with anxious care,
To greet it's genial friend!

PITY.

When I hear one *ſay* to his neighbour in adverſity, "I am ſorry for your misfortunes," it ſounds very much, in my ear, like "bring me my ſlippers."

EPITAPH ON A DRUNKARD

GAILY I liv'd, as eaſe and nature taught,
And ſpent my little life without a thought;
And am amaz'd that Death, *that tyrant grim,*
Should think of me who never thought of Him.

HYMENEAL COURT.

MARRIED,

—On Wedneſday evening, the 15th inſt. by the Rev. Mr. Cohen, Mr. ISAAC MARKS, to the amiable Miſs HETTY HART, daughter of Mr. Myer Hart.

—On Thurſday evening, the 16th inſt. by the Rev. Dr. Helmuth, Mr. GEORGE KLAER, Merchant, to Miſs ELIZA KITTS, daughter to the late Mr. Jacob Kitts, all of this city.

SINGULAR ACT OF JUSTICE.

(From Bourgoanne's Travels in Spain.)

IN the days of Peter IIId of Caſtile, a canon of the cathedral of Seville, being affected in his dreſs, particularly in his ſhoes, could not find a workman to his liking. An unfortunate ſhoemaker, to whom he applied after quitting many others, having brought him a pair of ſhoes not made to please his taſte, the canon became furious, and ſeizing one of the tools of the ſhoemaker, gave him with it ſo many blows upon the head, as laid him dead upon the floor. The unhappy man left a widow, four daughters, and a ſon fourteen years of age, the eldeſt of the indigent family. They made their complaints to the chapter: the canon was proſecuted, and condemned "not to appear in the choir for a year." The young ſhoemaker, having attained to man's eſtate, was ſcarcely able to get a livelihood; and, overwhelmed with wretchedneſs, ſat down, on the day of a proceſſion, at the door of the cathedral of Seville, in the moment the proceſſion paſſed by. Amongſt the other canons, he perceived the murderer of his father. At the ſight of this man, filial affection, rage, and deſpair, got ſo far the better of his reaſon, that he fell furiouſly upon the prieſt, and ſtabbed him to the heart. The young man was ſeized, convicted of the crime, and immediately condemned to be quartered alive. Peter, whom we call the cruel, and whom the Spaniards, with more reaſon, call the Lover of Juſtice, was then at Seville. The affair came to his knowledge; and after learning the particulars, he determined to be himſelf the judge of the young ſhoemaker. When he proceeded to give judgment, he firſt annulled the ſentence juſt pronounced by the clergy; and after aſking the young man what profeſſion he was, "I forbid you, (ſaid he) to make ſhoes for a year to come!"

JAMES MOLAN,
SURGEON DENTIST AND MAN-MIDWIFE,
No. 7 Prune ſtreet, or Shippen's Alley,

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N B The poor may have his aſſiſtance gratis.

jan. 21.

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March 18.

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*** SUBSCRIPTIONS *for this Paper are thankfully received at No.* 18, *North Third-ſtreet, and No.* 77, *Cheſnut-ſtreet, (Price Two Dollars per Annum, payable quarterly.)*

Court of Apollo.

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LIFE. A POEM.

WHILE through life's thorny road I go,
I will not want companions too:
A dreary journey, and alone,
Would be, alas! too troublesome.

But company that's choice and good,
Makes trouble hardly understood:
For toil, divided, seems to be
No toil, but a felicity.

Therefore will I companions take,
As well for ease as safety's sake.

Fair truth shall serve me for a guide,
Justice shall never leave my side:
Integrity, my trusty guard!
Nor shall I Caution quite discard:

Experience shall my tutor be,
Nor will I wiser seem than he:
Discretion all my thoughts shall weigh,
And Modesty my words convey:

Soft Innocence protect my sleep,
And Charity my purse shall keep.

Thus thro' this wilderness I'll stray,
Nor ever fear to lose my way:
The Sages I sometimes will see,
Be sometimes with the Muses free.

With guiltless Mirth an hour beguile,
Or with free-spoken Satire smile.
With Meditation often walk,
Or with sweet Melancholy talk.

With these companion's dear I'll sport,
Nor heed the journey long or short.

So Health supply the Doctor's place,
And, for a Chaplain, send me grace.

EPITAPH ON Mr. W—— N——.

POOR N—— beneath this stone
A quiet nap is taking,
His wife requests you may not moan,
For fear of his awaking.

PEGGY AND CHARLES:

AN AFFECTING STORY.

IN a village near London lived a surgeon of considerable business, who had a daughter named Peggy; and the widow of a captain of a man of war, who had a son named Charles. So near a neighbourhood naturally brought on an acquaintance; and there being but one good school in the place, Peggy and Charles were educated together. They were both remarkable, not only for their beauty, but understanding; and therefore it is not strange that they became insensibly attached to each other by a reciprocal tenderness, of which they knew neither the power nor the name.

Charles was about two years older than Peggy, and when he was about seventeen, it was thought proper that he should go to sea: All things were therefore prepared for his voyage, on board a ship which was commanded by his uncle; and Charles, when he went to take leave of Peggy and her family, bid them adieu with great cheerfulness and good humour, but reserved his last compliments for her: He tenderly embraced her, and seemed to have much to say; but at last quitted her, without being able to utter a word, and with such emotions as were visible to all present. This particular was soon known to her companions, and they were continually teazing her about her sweetheart: but she was more deeply interested in the subject of their mirth than they imagined.—In a few weeks there was a visible alteration in the appearance of poor Peggy; she became pale, melancholy, and silent; her health gradually declined, and her friends dreaded a consumption, but were not able to discover the cause. After some months, she could not, without great difficulty, be induced to eat; she was consumed by a perpetual hectic; in a twelvemonth she was worn to a skeleton, and her melancholy encreased into the most deplorable madness.

Her parents, with great reluctance, at last consented to put her into a private mad-house, where she continued three years, and was then pronounced incurable. As she could not be taken home, and as the expense of keeping her abroad was very great, her parents were further persuaded to remove her to Bedlam, not without some hopes of a cure from a different treatment: here she continued five years longer, when a trifling accident discovered the cause of her disorder.

Some of her companions, who went to see her, carried her a few sweetmeats in a paper, and this paper was found next day by the woman who had the care of the ward, having these words pricked in it with a pin, "*Poor Charles! are you in your grave? or have you forgot your unhappy Peggy?—but she will never forget you!*"—This paper the woman gave to Peggy's father, who immediately conceived its full meaning; and, by ordering other pieces of paper to be often dropped in her room, and afterwards taken away, he obtained many confirmations of the purport of the first, and could no longer doubt but that the love of Charles had reduced his Peggy to this state of extreme and hopeless misery.

Eight years had now passed since Peggy was first confined, and Charles's mother and family had removed into a remote part of Yorkshire.—Charles had been abroad the greatest part of the time, and being now just returned, had passed his examination, and obtained a lieutenant's commission.

As love had not impressed the idea of Peggy upon Charles's memory so deeply as it had impressed the idea of Charles upon Peggy's, and as he had now no connexion with the village where she had lived, he did not at the age of 25 think much of those with whom he had been acquainted at 18: Chance, however, carried him to his old neighbourhood, and then the sight of the place where he had enjoyed the cheerful innocence of childhood, received a thousand ideas that were associated with it, and he could not go by the house where Peggy's parents still lived, without enquiring after the family.

He was received by the father and mother with great courtesy, as a stranger; for time had so changed his person that they did not know him. When he discovered himself, the father instantly burst into tears, at the recollection of his daughter's misfortune, and the mother sunk down in a swoon. Charles, who could not conceive the cause of the distress which his presence had produced, stood still in great consternation, and feared to ask any question, lest he might encrease it. The father, after having a little recollected himself, attempted to account for his behaviour, but he was not able: a third person, however, who happened to be present, and was well acquainted with the affair, related it to Charles, who listened 'till pity had revived his love; and, upon a silent comparison of the pleasure which he had once shared with her, and of the misery to which she was now reduced by the same cause, the tears (almost without his knowledge) stole down his cheeks, and he stood for some time silent; then recollecting himself at once, and assuming his natural vivacity, "Come, sir," said he to the father, "I beg that if any thing in my power can serve her, you would be comforted; to-morrow you shall give me leave to see her." To this the old gentleman gladly consented, and next day Charles hastened to the cell, where he found the once blooming sprightly beauty, sitting alone, pale and dejected, supporting her feeble body with her hands placed on her knees, and looking with a kind of fixed insensibility on the ground. Charles, after he had recovered from the first shock of such a spectacle, went to her, and gently taking her hand, called her by her name. His voice awakened her remembrance in a moment; she instantly started from her seat, her eyes sparkled with eagerness, and her cheeks glowed with blushes: She held him at a distance, and gazed at him with a piercing and fixed attention. Still she was silent; but he urging her to speak, and asking if she knew him, she at length fetched a deep sigh, and said, "Yes, I know you very well; you are Charles!" He was so moved at this accident, that he caught her in his arms, and wept over her, in an excess of fondness, uttering many tender and passionate exclamations of love and pity. It had been remarked, that during the whole time of her confinement, the affliction of her mind had never once been relieved by tears, but now they burst from her in a sudden and copious shower: her looks grew more expressive, and her reason seemed already to have returned. When he went away, she asked him tenderly, if she should not see him again! and, upon his assuring her, that he would not only see her again, but would be always with her, she replied with a sigh, though with perfect composure, *Then I shall be well.*

If Charles had not before been enamoured of her beauty, he was now in love to distraction by her distress. The next morning he went again to the hospital, and was told that Peggy had wept incessantly many hours after he had left her; that she was then more calm and composed, did eat what was brought to her while her guard stayed with her, and desired that she might have some change of cloaths—about which she had, till then been totally indifferent. When he entered her cell, and enquired how she had rested, her answer was ready and pertinent: he stayed with her the whole day, and she still behaved with a modest reserve and becoming decency, like one conscious of having been seen in a disorder from which she was recovered.

In this manner he continued to visit her near two months; and being then convinced that no degree of her disorder remained, she was removed to a more commodious apartment, her health and beauty returned, her parents and Charles were overjoyed at the change, and soon after they were married.

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